

[Written by Rowland Hill during a time of great financial distress in England, when banks were breaking and business houses failing.]

I have a never-failing bank,
My more golden store;
No earthly bank is half so rich,
How then can I be poor?

Tis when my stock is spent and gone,
And I not worth a groat.
I'm glad to hasten to my bank,
And beg a little note.

Sometimes my banker smiling says,
"Why don't you often come?"
And when you draw a little bill,
Why not a larger sum?

Why live so niggardly and poor?
My bank contains a plenty;
Why come and take a one-pound note,
When you may have a twenty?"

Nay twenty thousand ten times told,
Is but a trifling sum.
To what my bank contains for me,
Secure in God the Son.

Since then my banker is so rich,
I have no need to borrow;
But live upon my notes to-day,
And draw again to-morrow.

I've been a thousand times before,
And never was rejected;
Those notes can never be refused
That are by grace accepted.

All forged notes will be refused;
The firm will them detect;
While those that deal in forged notes
Prove they're not God's elect.

Tis only the beloved of God,
Redeem'd by precious blood,
That ever have a note to give;
They are the gift of God.

Thousands of ransom'd sinners fear
They have no note at all,
Because they feel their misery
And ruin by the fall.

Tho' thousands notes lay scatter'd round,
All sign'd and seal'd and free,
Yet many a doubtful soul will say,
Ah! they are not for me!

Base unbelief will lead the soul
To say what is not true;
I tell the poor self-emptied soul,
These notes belong to you.

Should all the banks in Europe break,
The Bank of England smash;
Bring all your notes to Zion's bank,
You're sure to get your cash.

Nay, if you have but one small note,
Fear not to bring it in;
Come boldly to this bank of grace,
The Banker is within.

I'll go again, I need not fear
My notes will be rejected;
Sometimes my banker gives me more
Than ask'd for or expected.

Sometimes I've felt a little proud,
I've managed things so clever;
Perhaps before the day was gone,
I felt as poor as ever.

Sometimes with blushes in my face
Just at the door I stand;
I know if Moses kept the bank,
My soul would be condemned.

But ah! my bank can never break,
My bank can never fail;
The firm—three persons in one God,
Jehovah, Israel & all.

Should all the bankers close their doors,
My bank stands open wide
To all the chosen of the Lord,
For whom the Saviour died.

We read of one young man, indeed,
Whose riches did abound;
But in the banker's Book of Life
His name was never found.

Behold and see the dying thief
Hang by his banker's side,
He cried, Dear Lord, remember me;
He got his cash and died.

His blessed banker took him home
To Everlasting Glory,
There to shout his banker's grace,
And tell his endless story.

With millions more—Jehovah's choice,
Redeem'd by precious blood,
Oh, may my soul with him be found,
Among the sons of God.

JOHN ASHWORTH.

[The Barefoot Boy, whose early story we are about to tell, grew to be the man whose name stands at the head of the list of Delegates for Great Britain, at the Great Conference of the Evangelical Alliance in the city of New York, 1873.]

John Ashworth was born at Cutgate, a small hamlet now enclosed within the recently enlarged borough of Rochdale, on the 8th day of July, 1813, and was the second son and fifth child of his parents, who were hand-loom weavers. There were altogether eight children—three sons and five daughters. Early in his life the family removed from Cutgate to Simpson Clough, near Bamford.

On the outskirts of Rochdale, on the side of the highway leading to Manchester, at a place called Sparth, there formerly stood a large stone table, supported by three thick stone pillars. Here, in bygone days, country farmers met with milk their town customers. Hence its name—the Milkstone. "One hot summer day, a poor woman was seen toiling up the hill called Fletcher Round, with a flannel pincushion on her back. A little boy was walking by her side. On reaching the Milkstone she laid down her heavy burden, and leaning on the piece for support, she wiped the sweat from her face with her check apron. With a look of affection, the boy gazed into the face of his mother and said, 'Mother, when I get a little bigger you shall never carry another piece. I will carry them all, and you shall walk by my side.'"

That little lad was John Ashworth, and when he grew bigger he redeemed his promise, and carried the pieces to Mr. Whitworth's warehouse without calling at the Milkstone to rest. It was on that very day there flashed on him the truth that he was only the poor child of very poor parents—the young son of a humble, toiling, kind and affectionate mother. He says, not without humor: "On awakening to a sense of our social

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IV.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1875.

NUMBER 22.

position as a family, I found we were not amongst those considered respectable in our neighborhood. The test of respectability consisted in having a set of mahogany drawers, and an eight-day clock in a mahogany case; a holiday shirt for the young men, and a printed dress with a large flounce for the young women. Many of the flannel weavers in our village could boast these possessions; and they held up their heads above those who were not so fortunate. But the real aristocracy were those who used tablecloths, had knives and forks to eat with, and displayed a muslin window-blind on Sunday. One family had a room they called a parlor, the floor of which was covered with a carpet; a second-hand table and piano also figured largely, which was looked upon by us as a mark of great wealth and respectability. This family held quite a distinct position. None of us were presumed to be on speaking terms with such 'great folks.'

Facts in detail are more impressive than any general description, however careful and comprehensive, and the following incident in his own words will give a clear though painful idea of the deep poverty of these earlier years of the love which tempered it, and of the way in which John Ashworth was prepared for the work of sympathy and mercy in which he afterwards engaged.

"One Saturday evening I was playing with my companions, when my mother gently laid her hand on my head and requested me to go with her into the house. I took up my marbles and quietly followed her.

"What do you want me for, mother? It is not time to go to bed yet; let me play a little longer, will you?"

"I know it is soon to call you from your play; but I cannot help it. Your trousers want mending; and I want to wash your shirt, for though we are poor we ought to be clean. I intended to get you a pair of clogs, but I am not able. I am making you a pinfold out of part of a wool sheet; it will cover your ragged clothes, and you will then look a little better."

The quiet way in which she spoke, and the sad look which accompanied her words, subdued my objections. I silently walked upstairs to allow her to begin washing and patching; and while my playfellows were still laughing and shouting in the street, I crept naked into my humble bed—not to sleep, but to think into the future that night. What air castles I did build! I thought I grew to be a man, entered into business, made money, built a new house with a white door and a brass knocker to it, planted trees around it, and had a lawn and a garden; bought myself new clothes, and twenty new shirts; bought my mother a new crimson cloak and a new bonnet, and gave her plenty of money to buy clothes for my brothers and sisters, and to get a set of mahogany drawers, an eight-day clock, and muslin curtains to the window. I then fell asleep, a man of great importance, and awoke in the morning—without a shirt!"

The poverty involved mortification, against which only a brave spirit could successfully have contended. The pinfold which the mother was preparing for the Sunday morning on that unhappy Saturday night, turned out almost as great a cause for shame as a convict's dress.

"I never shall forget that new pinfold. The wool-sheets had at that time stamped on them, in large, black letters, the word wool. My mother had got one of these old sheets as a gift from the warehouse; but it was so far worn that she could not make my pinfold without either putting on a patch, or cutting through the letters. She chose the less evil, thinking she could wash out the letters; but though she washed, and washed, and washed again, she could not destroy the remaining half of the word. I put my arms down the sleeves, and was stretching the front, when I saw the letters. My little spirit sank within me in bitter sorrow. I looked into my mother's face, but when I saw the tears in her eye I instantly said, 'Never mind, mother; never mind. It will do very well. It covers my patches; and when I get to school, I will sit on the letters, and then no one will see them. Don't cry, mother; we shall be better off yet.' Away I went to the Sunday-school, with bare feet, and a pack-sack pinfold, with half the letters of the word wool down one side, to take my place in the third Bible class among boys who were much better dressed, and who did not like to sit beside me on that account. I well remember the place where I sat that day—how I put my bare feet under the form to prevent my proud classmates from treading on my toes. The feeling that I was poor distressed me. But I knew that if I did not continue to go to school my mother would be grieved; and I could not bear the thought of grieving her. To think I had left her in tears made me sad; but when I saw her come to the service, and saw her look down at me from the gallery and smile, all was right again. I could smile in return, and join in singing God's praises, and hope for better days." Some in the locality may like to know that this occurred at the Sunday-school at Bamford.

There can be no doubt that, under

God, John Ashworth owed almost everything to his pious mother. His father, alas! was an unhappy drunkard—he himself tells the mournful fact, so we need not hide it; but there came to be in after years evidence of his penitent turning unto the Lord. Here is a beautiful portrait of his mother in the son's own words: "If ever mother understood the full meaning of those beautiful words: 'I was glad when they said, let us go up to the house of the Lord,' I believe my mother did. Nothing astonished me more in her character than to see her quiet, steady, Christian conduct. Yet a hundredth part of the trials she had constantly to endure would have caused thousands to sit down in hopeless sorrow. I now believe she never went to the sanctuary without a petition, for she never went without a trouble. And I also believe she left many of her troubles behind, because God fulfilled his promise in delivering her. And the day she smiled on her poor, ragged boy out of the gallery, I thought she smiled through her tears." She is described as a praying mother, but obliged to pray in secret; able to go to the week-night service only by stealth, and returning often to be loaded with abuse from the unhappy, drunken father. "I well remember one of my mother's prayers. It being the wakes of Rochdale, I had risen early to have a long play-day. I was not aware that any one in the house had risen before me, and was softly creeping down stairs, fearing to disturb any of the family, when I heard a low voice. I sat down on the steps to listen. It was my mother's voice; and she was praying for all her children by name. I leaned forward, and held my breath, lest I should miss one word. I heard her say, 'Lord, bless John! keep him from bad company; and make him a good useful man.' Her words went to my young heart; and they are ringing in my ears to this hour. 'Lord, bless John!' That short prayer, uttered by my mother when she thought no one heard her but God, has been to me a precious legacy.

Another heavy trial of childhood stands out a striking contrast to the comfort and prosperity of later years. John Ashworth had won by just a single ticket, the highest prize in the Sunday-school. It was the custom on Whit-Friday for teachers, scholars, parents, etc., to distribute the prizes. John Ashworth would have, in their presence, to go to the platform to receive the prize; but it was likely enough that he would have to go with naked feet, for neither shoes nor clogs had he. On the Thursday evening he spoke to his mother about it. The rest best be told in his own words: "She made no answer at the moment, and I repented having spoken. * * * At length she said, 'I know you are going to have the first prize at the school, my child, and I have done all that I could to send you there decent. I have tried to borrow a shilling from the publican's wife, where your father takes so much of the earnings; but she scorned me, and refused to lend it to me. I have been to several of our neighbors but our well-known poverty seems to have separated us from all help."

* * * But we have a

very near relation, mother, who dresses like a gentleman. They say he has as many Sunday waistcoats as there are months in the year. You know he called a few days since to let us look at the fine cloth he had bought for a new overcoat; and he told us he had given three guineas for it. Shall I go and ask him to lend us two shillings?" "You may go; but I don't think you will get it; and it is two miles his house. As I went there, I could run swiftly. But when I got to the house my courage failed me. I stood for a time near the door, first on one foot, and then on the other, warming them by turns with my hands, for the night was wet and cold. At length the proud man saw me, came to the door, and inquired my errand. 'Will you be so kind as to lend mother two shillings to buy me a second-hand pair of clogs?' I have nothing to put on my feet, and I am going to receive my reward to-morrow at the school. I hope you will lend it her." Tell your mother that when she has paid me back the eighteenpence she borrowed some time since, I will then talk about the two shillings, and not till then. Never mind your feet, toes were made before clogs!" Our returning home my mother saw by my countenance that I had not got the money. Our looks of sorrow met. Little was said; and I went quietly to bed. The following day I washed my feet for a long time. I was determined that if I could not get anything to cover my ten toes I would make them look clean. I was at the school before the time, and sat in one corner alone. Soon the people began to gather. On the platform there stood a large table, covered with a white cloth. On the cloth the prizes were arranged with as much display as possible. * * *

One of the superintendents (the present Sir James Kay Shuttleworth) mounted the platform, and made a speech, eulogizing the scholars for their good conduct during the year, and holding up to view the various rewards while speaking.

Josh Billings was asked, "How fast does sound travel?" His idea is that it depends a good deal upon the noise you are talking about. "The sound of a dinner-horn, for instance, travels half a mile in a second, while an invitation ten feet up in the morning I have known to ke 3 quarters av an hour goin' up 2 pair uv stairs, and then nev strength enuff left to be heard."

A muff—a thing that holds a young lady's hand without squeezing it.

he called out my name, and invited me on to the platform amidst a loud clapping of hands. Oh, how my heart did beat! I felt at that moment as though I would have given 20*l.*, if I had possessed it, for something with which to cover my feet. I arose from my corner, and treaded my way through the people as softly as though I were a cat, I walked blushingly on to the platform, and received my reward of merit amidst the repeated clapping of the audience. But when I got back to my place I sat down and cried as though my heart would break, because I was such a poor boy, and because I thought some of the other boys sneered at my poverty."

Who in that company that day had predictive power enough to see in the barefooted lad the future benefactor of the poor outcast? Not one; and yet it was through these humiliations and sufferings God was ripening him, in sympathy, and other qualities, for his work.

It is pleasant to meet with the record of a change in the father ere he passed away. John Ashworth mentions that the air-built castles of the night on which he went to bed without a shirt, became realities—a house, garden and trees, were all his own. Out of his abundance he ministered to his parents, and made it a practice to see them once a fortnight. He says: "On one of these visits, on inquiring for my father, my dear mother informed me he had gone into a neighboring wood. On going to join him, I found him engaged in prayer. I stepped back, for fear of disturbing him, and ran home to tell my mother. She smiled through her tears, saying, 'Our prayers are heard at last, and my sun is now setting in a clear sky.'"

Rules for Spelling.

Just now the following "Rules for Spelling" published by the Journal of Education, will interest many readers of the Independent:

Rule I.—All monosyllables ending in l, with a single vowel before it, have double l at the close; mill, sell.

Rule II.—All monosyllables ending in l, with a double vowel before it, have one l at the close; wail, sail.

Rule III.—Monosyllables ending in l, when compounded, retain but one l each; as skill, fulfill, fulfill, &c.

Rule IV.—All words of more than one close, as faithful, delightful; except recall, fulfill, fulfill, &c.

Rule V.—All derivations from words ending in l have one l only; as equality from equal; fulness from full, except they end in er, or ll; as full, fuller; mill, miller.

Rule VI.—All participles ending in ing from verbs ending in e lose the e final; as having; amuse, amusing; except they come from verbs ending in double e, as agree, agreeing.

Rule VII.—All verbs in ly, and nouns in ment retain the final of their primitives; as brave, bravely; refinement; except judgment, acknowledgment.

Rule VIII.—All derivatives from words ending in er retain the e before the r; as refer, reference; except hindrance from hinder; remembrance from remember; disastrous from disaster; monstrous from monster; wondrous from wonder; cumbersome from cumber; &c.

Rule IX.—All compound words, if both end not in l, retain their primitive parts entire; as milestones, chargeable, graceless, except always, also, deplorable, although, almost, admirable, &c.

Rule X.—All monosyllables ending in a consonant, with a single consonant before it, double that consonant in derivatives; as sin, sinner; ship, shipping; big, bigger; glad, gladder.

Rule XI.—Monosyllables ending in a consonant with a double vowel before it do not double the consonant in derivatives, as sleep, sleeping; troop, trooper.

Rule XII.—All words of more than one syllable, ending in a single consonant, preceded by a single vowel, and accented on the last syllable, double that consonant in derivatives, as commit, committee; compel, compelled; appal, appalling; distil, distillery.

Rule XIII.—Nouns of one syllable, ending in y, change y into ies in the plural; and verbs ending in y, preceded by a consonant, change y into ies in the third person singular of the present tense, and ies in the past tense and past participle, as fly, flies; I apply, he applies; I reply, or have replied, or he replied.

Rule XIV.—Compound words whose primitives end in y change the y into i; as beauty, beautiful, lovely, loveliness.

Rule XV.—Josh Billings was asked, "How fast does sound travel?" His idea is that it depends a good deal upon the noise you are talking about. "The sound of a dinner-horn, for instance, travels half a mile in a second, while an invitation ten feet up in the morning I have known to ke 3 quarters av an hour goin' up 2 pair uv stairs, and then nev strength enuff left to be heard."

An instance of shoddy aristocracy meanness is reported from the South End, Boston, where a wealthy woman hired for a servant her own sister, treated her in all respects as a menial, and, though she and her husband, having no children, dined alone when no company was in the house, they never permitted the sister to sit with them.

A muff—a thing that holds a young lady's hand without squeezing it.

What to Teach Our Daughters.

Teach them self-reliance.

Teach them to make bread.

Teach them to make shirts.

Teach them to foot up store bills.

Teach them not to wear false hair.

Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes.

Bring them up in the way they should go.

Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.

Teach them how to make their own dresses.

Teach them that a dollar is only a hundred cents.

Teach them to cook a good meal of victuals.

Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.

Teach them every day, hard, practical common sense.

Teach them to say no, and mean it; or yes, and stick to it.

Teach them to wear calico dresses, and do it like queens.

Teach them a good, rosy romp is worth fifty consumptives.

Teach them to regard the morals and not the money

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes
of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:

One copy one year. \$1.50
One copy two years. 1.25
One copy six months. .50
These prices are in variable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.
50¢ Terms cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions and Editorial Correspondence may be sent at the option of the writer, either to H. C. Rider, Editor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., or to F. L. Seliney, Associate Editor, Aurora, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

All communications relative to the Foreign Editor, HENRY WINTER SYLE, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

1 w.	2 w.	3 w.	3 m.	6 m.	1 y.
\$0 75	\$1 25	\$1 50	\$3 50	\$6 00	\$10 00
2 inches. 1 25	2 00	3 00	5 25	9 00	15 00
3 columns. 3 00	5 00	6 00	12 00	14 00	20 00
4 columns. 5 00	8 00	10 00	15 00	25 00	40 00
5 columns. 8 00	12 00	14 00	20 00	40 00	75 00

Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1875

Religious Service in Mexico.

A service for deaf-mutes was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, last Sunday, 3 P. M., in Grace Church, Mexico. It was attended by eighteen deaf-mutes and quite a number of their hearing and speaking friends. There is an object of special interest in this church, which will always keep in mind the early history of the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association. We refer to the beautiful chancel window, representing our Saviour curing the deaf man, presented by this Association as a memorial of its first President, John W. Chandler.

The rector of the church, the Rev. Mr. Parker, was present at the service and read the lesson, the 6th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke, beginning at the 20th verse, as it was rendered in signs by Dr. Gallaudet. The baptismal service was conducted in the same way, and Miss Mary Fanwood was received by this Holy Sacrament into the Church of Christ. The offering, amounting to \$8.20, was for "Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes." The Rev. Mr. Parker made a short address of welcome which was interpreted in signs.

Dr. G. then gave his deaf-mute friends a statement concerning the present condition of his mission among the adult deaf-mutes. He said that the work begun by St. Ann's Church, in New York, in October, 1852, had been very successful, and made more effective, the work begun by the Legislature of Quebec in 1854, to place a bell and clock worth \$20,000 in Independence Hall, the bell to be rung July 4, 1876, at the Centennial celebration, on condition that the names of his family be inscribed on it.

Much has been done by the benevolent of Montreal in aiding the small Protestant Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Cote St. Antoine, and a site for a new and larger school has been secured by the promoters, but the building cannot be begun until funds for the purpose are raised. Since the publication of the fourth annual report of this institution, several journals in the United States and Canada have reviewed it, and commented on the neglected condition of deaf-mutes in this Province. One of these papers, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, published at Mexico, N. Y., says:

"The report of the Montreal Protestant Institution is out. It is printed by the pupils and is an excellent specimen of deaf-mute handicraft. The number in attendance is twenty, but ought to be ten times larger; for the census returns of the Province show a resident population of 789 uneducated deaf! This is a melancholy fact to contemplate, and it is strange that it should be so. Governed by and in possession of the richest nation on the globe, Quebec can yet be pointed to as having in her boundaries 789 deaf-mutes growing up in ignorance. And this in our advanced period of deaf-mute instruction!—this in the nineteenth century!"

Mr. Thomas Widd, the principal, is very anxious to remedy this state of things. But he finds it hard. We hope he will succeed and speedily. Meantime it is refreshing to note that his little school is doing well; the pupils receive excellent instruction, and the finances look well, although there is not a very large balance on the wrong side of the account."

We trust that active efforts will be made this spring to begin the building of the new institution, and the Minister of Public Instruction will make a similar grant to this school as he has done to the Roman Catholic deaf-mute institution.—Canada Paper.

Easily Explained.

Minor Topics.

President Gallaudet said that once during the past summer he had occasion to stop in a large town in one of the Northern States, and while there he encountered a deaf-mute, who was very glad to see him, and took him to his friends. He seemed to be very happily situated, but among all the friends whom he brought to the notice of Dr. Gallaudet, there were none but deaf-mutes, and they all seemed to revolve only in each other's orbit; to have no friends among hearing people. This could not but be the case. The question, "Had they no hearing and speaking friends?" forcibly presented itself in his mind. Doctor Gallaudet did not find fault with the association of deaf-mutes with each other; he only urged that such intercourse should be tempered and improved by a free mingling in the society of the hearing.—Reported Lecture before the College Lecture Society.

This is not quite as mysterious as the President would have us believe. It is generally presumed when one interested in the deaf as a principal or teacher makes a short stop in town, that he would like to see the mute residents of the place. It was quite natural for the mute in question to introduce none but his deaf friends, considering the brevity of the President's visit, and the day on which it was made.

Curiously enough our associate was in the same town a few days later, visited the same mute, and probably sat in the same chair the president occupied. Concerning the "hearing or speaking friends," he had to hunt over the town for one of the mutes, and found him in a circle of these hearing friends. Another, an artist, took him to many of the houses of the first citizens of the place, in whose parlors hung productions of his brush. So, truly, conclusions formed from a single occurrence are rather frail.

Deaf-Mutes in the Province of Quebec.

The foremen of the lager-beer brewer-ies in Cincinnati are paid about \$10,000 a year, while the salaries of the circuit judges are only about a third as much.

General Ripley of the South has been engaged by the Chinese government to construct extensive military works for the defense of their coast and principal rivers.

The Japanese government have established savings-banks under the control of the Postoffice Department, at which deposits of ten cents and upwards can be made, and with interest at three per cent. a year.

The magnificent mansion of Legrand Lockwood, at Norwalk, which cost \$1,250,000, has passed into the hands of the Michigan Southern Railroad Company, they having foreclosed their mortgage on it.

Ex-Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, claims to have discovered an ink for cancelling postage stamps which is thoroughly indelible. It has been submitted to the Postoffice Department, but has not yet been adopted.

Offered to place a bell and clock worth \$20,000 in Independence Hall, the bell to be rung July 4, 1876, at the Centennial celebration, on condition that the names of his family be inscribed on it.

In the more than 60,000 square miles of the reservation of the Choctaw, Chickasaw and Creek Indians there is not a liquor saloon; which sufficiently accounts for the comparative freedom of these Indians from vice and crime.

During the recent speech of Jefferson Davis at the Houston (Texas) fair grounds, when he so strongly urged loyalty to the flag, a large oak tree in front of the stand was filled with colored citizens who joined lustily in each round of applause.

A model of the city of Paris is on exhibition in New York. It is constructed of metal, and occupies a space of more than four hundred square feet, presenting an accurate picture of Paris as it existed before the ravages of the war and the commune.

The Supreme Court of Indiana has just decided that colored children must be allowed to attend public schools in any district in the State, provided no separate schools for their education are furnished. An appeal is to be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States.

A silver medal has been struck off at the Philadelphia Mint to commemorate the Mecklenburgh declaration of independence. On one side is a hornet's nest, King George's officers having stigmatized Mecklenburgh as "a hornet's nest of rebels," a liberty cap and two clasped hands; on the reverse is the inscription "May 20, 1775, and May 20, 1875—Mecklenburgh Declaration of Independence."

Cardinal Manning has prevailed upon the Pope to allow English historians to search the private archives of the Vatican for historical information. Hitherto none but ecclesiastics have been allowed to have access to these precious manuscripts, Protestants being hardly able to see a single document they could name.

Roger Nelson, of Fulton, dropped dead in the office of W. S. Nelson & Co., Fulton, May 27. He was apparently in his usual health, and was reading a newspaper when he died. He was an upright citizen; and he leaves a large family.

Census enumerators will receive a compensation of three dollars per day.

A boy, whose name was unknown, was drowned May 27, at Oswego. He belonged with the canal boat A. Knights, and it is thought his name was John Leekel, because this name was found inscribed in a note-book.

Roger Nelson, of Fulton, dropped dead in the office of W. S. Nelson & Co., Fulton, May 27. He was apparently in his usual health, and was reading a newspaper when he died. He was an upright citizen; and he leaves a large family.

Census enumerators will receive a compensation of three dollars per day.

Good beef cattle are said to be very scarce throughout the country.

Powers of Supervisors.

Letter from Rev. L. Muzzy.

EDMESTON, May 22, 1875.

MR. EDITOR:—The Independent has paid me its weekly and welcome visits, bringing vividly before me dear faces that I hope to see again, and some that I shall see never more on earth.

Often have I felt half inclined to send you a few jottings of human life and progress as they are seen around me; but my hands have been too full of hard work and my heart too full of earnest solicitude to afford the time. There has been a large amount of business transacted here when considered in connection with the unusual severity of the winter. The most noteworthy event of the past few months is the very remarkable religious interest we have enjoyed, and to which you briefly alluded. The glorious work begun with the Week of Prayer, and has not yet ceased. Our meetings continued nightly for over three months, and were characterized by deep solemnity, and the most incontrovertible evidences of the Spirit's presence and soul-transforming power. It is declared by those competent to judge that this work of grace is without a parallel in the history of this town. Over a hundred have been converted in connection with the meetings of the Supervisors, and the larger portion of them are persons of prominence and influence, husbands and wives.

Already some thirty-four have been received by profession, and eight by letter and restoration. Several others have determined to follow.

Last September a teacher in our Sunday-school had a class of three young men, but by persuasive love and personal appeal, during our meetings, the "little one" became a score and a half, and had to be divided. Mrs. M. still has a baker's dozen or more left, all save one or two, rejoicing in hope.

Two of our merchants have sold out and gone into other business. Several farms have changed hands this spring.

Unadilla Forks has for some time been shut up from the outside world, by boards—"of health"—on account of small pox.

Sunday night, the 16th, we were honored (?) with the presence of two bold visitors. The store and the safe of Ely Chamberlain were burglariously broken open and robbed of some \$25 in money. On Monday officers were sent off in pursuit, who soon found the track and overhauled the "experts" at Cassville June 1st. While officer Talbot was attempting to arrest them, they broke away from his grasp, leaped from the cars, and escaped to the woods. They have been seen in Utica, and their capture is daily expected. Our officers were far more plucky than the young farmer who seized his old musket and resolutely followed a bear that had carried off a nice fat pig from his pen. The bear on being overtaken, ceased his repast, turned around, sat erect, and calmly faced his pursuer. After gazing at each other a little time the farmer cautiously retraced his steps, very wisely concluding that if it would let him alone, he would let it alone.

L. MUZZY.

The Grasshopper Plague in Missouri.

The following extracts from a letter received by John C. Taylor from his brother, who is visiting his son in Missouri, shows the havoc that the grasshoppers are making in portions of that State:

14. May establish and alter, on recommendation of the county court, jail limits.

15. May direct special town meetings to be held to consider propositions provided for by this act.

16. May authorize the erection of town and village halls, when applied for by towns and villages, and direct the raising of money for such purposes.

17. May authorize villages to raise money for fire department purposes, in cases where the village charters do not give sufficient authority.

18. May authorize cemetery associations outside of any city, towns owning cemeteries, and church societies, to buy additional lands and to sell lands not needed; also to remove bodies from old cemetery grounds, and to newly fence and otherwise improve cemetery grounds.

19. May authorize the election of Tax Receivers in place of Collectors where the annual tax of any town exceeds \$50,000.

20. May authorize town meeting to be held by election districts in any town which shall vote in favor of so holding them.

21. May provide for reducing the number of Assessors in any town.

22. May authorize trustees of Union school districts to sell or exchange real estate belonging to the district when desired to improve or change school house sites, and to increase or reduce the number of trustees in such district.

23. May authorize towns to borrow money for any purpose required by this act. In such case the form of the bond, duration, not exceeding twenty years, rate of interest, &c., to be specified.

24. The boards are authorized to provide by the payment of all obligations incurred under this act, and when money has been borrowed for a term of years, to provide payment by annual installments, with interest.

The Boards are also empowered to determine, when not previously determined by a court of competent jurisdiction, the election of their own members, to make rules for the regulation of their business, and to enforce order at their sessions. They are also empowered to designate in what newspapers the election notices and official canvass are to be published, and to fix the pay for such publications.

The pay of Supervisors, for services at sessions, is fixed at \$3 per day, and the present rate of mileage and for copying assessment rolls and extending tax lists.

And it is made a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine not exceeding \$250, to receive or vote for any compensation not authorized by law.

I have no language to show the state of things. No potatoes, no lettuce, no pie plant, the black raspberries all bare, no onions, no tomatoes, no peau, no beans, no wheat, no food for horses or cattle, no money. A neighbor in yesterday, sowed 40 acres to flax, not a spear left; planted 100 to corn, all eaten up; sowed 40 to oats, all eaten up. No one by reading can realize the state of things; it is bad.

People here drove their stock away, many of them their last cow to find something for them to eat. Every one looks sad. They had poor crops last year, and many have no money to buy anything with.

The Court in session at Independence, recommends that each school district in the county, send a delegate to Independence tomorrow to devise some means to help the needy. All the people feel that if the hoppers stay, and they raise no corn, they must suffer.

Some distance before we arrived at Kansas City, I noticed that the ties were blacked with locusts and the fields bare of vegetation; even in the streets of the city were swarms of grasshoppers. From Kansas City to this place, nothing but desolation is seen. All vegetables are destroyed, no prospect of raising the first thing now, all hopes now are, that they may leave, and that some corn may be raised. Theodore had eight acres of winter wheat, they have taken every spear, besides where the wheat was, he had 12 acres of heavy winter rye all headed out. On the land which he sowed the wheat and rye, he sowed 20 dollars worth of grassseed, it looked well, but they took it all with the weeds, and my opinion is, that there are ten hoppers or more to every square inch of his rye. He sowed 40 acres to oats; they have taken that, planted 35 acres to corn they have destroyed that. He intends to plant it over next week and 50 acres besides.

Call not that man great who, though he has conquered a nation, has not overcome himself. He who would be great, should lay himself out for usefulness. May it not then be said that those whose graves we to-day decorate, and those who lived through that struggle, are truly great. As the years pass we realize more fully the sacrifices which they made for us, and how large a part of our comforts and pleasures we owe to them.

To the friends of the honored dead I would say, God knew whom their work was done. They fell at their posts, doing their respective duties. Let us not ask, therefore, for them to be given back to us, but that we may be prepared to meet them in a home where there shall be no more parting. While we remember the noble deeds of our dead, let the animosities which were caused by the war sink into oblivion, and let us strive to strengthen friendly feelings between all sections of this great Republic.

This day will be remembered as long as one American is left upon this earth. Let us try to preserve and not abuse the liberties which have been so dearly bought by those who we, with our whole hand, to-day remember with floral offerings.

The address was a very able and instructive one, and listened to with close attention.

The address was followed by music, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of New York.

After the return of the procession to the village, the Colosse band united with our village band, and they played several pieces, much to the delight of all who heard them. Both bands, by their superior music, added much to the interest of the afternoon. Our citizens are under great obligations to the members of the Mexico band, for they not only gave their own services gratuitously, but paid for the expenses of the Colosse band.

It is due the Huntington Guards and the Firemen to say that they made a fine appearance, and their deportment during the entire afternoon was all that could be desired.

Emma Wimble and the young man Cool, who were arrested on suspicion of having poisoned Charles Wimble, were arraigned before the court for trial on Friday last, and on the indictment being read, pleaded not guilty

Manhattan Literary Association.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, May 24, 1875.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTE'S JOURNAL:—On April 19th the following communication was received by Mr. George Farley, Secretary of the Manhattan Literary Association:

WILLIAMSBURG, April 19, 1875.

To the Secretary of the Manhattan Literary Association:

DEAR SIR:—We, the members of the Sunny Side Social Club, of Brooklyn, would like to hold a debate with the members of the M. L. A. on May 6th, 1875, at their rooms. The subject will be "Should Lawyers or Generals be elected President of the United States." Bond and Godfrey: Lawyers should. Please make notice of the debate at an early date.

Yours truly,

W. A. BOND, Secy.

On the Thursday following, April 22d, the letter was read before the Manhattan Literary Association, and it was decided to accept the challenge, the question being amended so as to read "Which should be elected President of the United States, Lawyers or Generals?" The following gentlemen were chosen to represent the Manhattan Literary Association: W. O. Fitzgerald and T. W. Roane, with Mr. P. McGuire as substitute. For various reasons the day was fixed for May 20th. The Thursday following Mr. Fitzgerald for certain reasons declined the honor of debating, and this required a change in the debators, and the following were chosen: T. W. Roane and P. McGuire, with W. E. Schenck as substitute. The question was one requiring extensive research by those engaged in it, but the time allowed for preparation was ample, and a spirited contest was expected. May 20th came. The afternoon was sultry in the extreme, and the dark clouds threatened rain. This may account for the limited attendance of the fair sex, there being but three present.

The roll was called when it was found that Bond was alone to represent the S. S. C. This being the case only one of the M. L. A. should be pitted against him. By a strange freak of circumstances both Roane and Schenck were away leaving McGuire alone. So the struggle was between McGuire for the M. L. A., and Bond for the S. S. C.—There being but one on each side it was decided to allow each to speak four times.

The ball was opened by Mr. Bond. The substance of what he said was: Lawyers should be elected Presidents of the U. S., because they are well versed in the law. McGuire followed and cited several instances of good administrations by generals. The balance of the debate was simply a trial on both sides to disprove what each other said. The main point, *Whether should be elected*, seemed to be lost sight of in the anxiety of each to have what his adversary said discredited. On one side it was contended that lawyers should be elected Presidents because they knew the laws, or simply because they were lawyers. On the other, generals should be elected because a few generals before had been presidents, and had discharged their duties satisfactorily.

The debate evinced the fact that the question had been but poorly studied. In fact it seemed to me both sides had let the matter drop as soon as the day had been fixed, and thought no more of the question, leaving it to the inspiration of the moment, when on the floor, to carry them through.

The question was one, which, with due study and thought would, have called forth a splendid discussion. And I see no reason why due study and thought had not been given to it.

It is only one instance out of many where a little effort on the part of debators would make a debate a spirited contest and display of talent in the argumentation line. It is to be hoped that should another competitive debate take place on a question requiring so much careful study, a little more effort will be exerted to make it more spirited than this has been. The voting taken it was found that eighteen were in favor of generals, and eleven in favor of lawyers, giving generals a majority of seven.

VENI, VIDI, VICI.

North Carolina Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

RALEIGH, May 20, 1875.

One must write for a paper for deaf-mutes, to appreciate the labor and diligence necessary to get up an interesting paper. We must hold up the arms of its editors as Moses' were stayed up by Aaron and Hor, while Joshua was fighting a battle with Amalek. It must be about as weary to edit a good paper without assistance as it was for Moses to keep up his arms unassisted. These thoughts were suggested by the difficulty which we experienced in trying to find items of news that would be interesting.

Our spring opened with a bright prospect of fine fruit for next season, and of early vegetables, but alas! about the middle of last month Old Winter suddenly came back as if for something he had forgotten, and his cold breath destroyed that bright prospect. We shall have no peaches, and very few apples next summer, but shall have to content ourselves with water melons and cantalopes as a substitute for them.

The smooth course of our school life was twice agreeably interrupted last month by one exhibition complimentary to members of the late legislature, and another in compliment to the three young ladies' schools in this city. The chapel was filled on the latter occasion with bright and charming young ladies who enjoyed highly the story telling in signs, besides the music and singing of the blind, and the exercises of the deaf and dumb on the slate. A novel feature of the former exhibition was a funny burlesque on Congress, which amused the members of the legisla-

ture greatly. A number of our smartest boys appeared on the platform as if they were members of Congress, and had met to discuss and pass bills. The meeting began in good order, but soon broke up in a laughter-provoking row.

On the 24th ult., Dr. W. H. McKee, for many years president of the board of directors of this institution, died, after only a week's illness. He was kind man and a popular physician, well known for his benevolence to the poor sick. We shall long miss his genial face and great skill in medicine.

The monotony of institution affairs was pleasantly broken by a wedding at the principal's residence on the 28th of April last. The pupils and teachers were present and witnessed the marriage of his oldest daughter, Bettie Nichols, to a young man of this city.

Mr. W. D. Cooke, the first principal of this institution, and now a teacher here, has accepted an appointment as a teacher of the high class at the Virginia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

This session will close on the third Wednesday in June. We have begun to talk of vacation. The general health here is much better than it was this time last session. We lost three pupils by death last spring. We hope this session will close without such sad events.

T.

Fifty-seventh Anniversary Exercises of the New York Institution.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS—ADDRESS BY DR PEET—PROFICIENCY OF THE SCHOLARS—A PUPIL WHO KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT HORACE GREELEY AND THE "TRIBUNE, ETC."

There was a holiday among the pupils of the New York Deaf and Dumb Institution, on Washington Heights, May 19th, the occasion being the fifty-seventh anniversary celebration of the opening of the school, and for the election of new officers and directors. The attendance at the exercises was very large.

The following officers were unanimously elected: President, the Rev. William Adams, D. D., LL. D.; First Vice President, Hon. H. E. Davies, LL. D.; Second Vice President, the Hon. Erastus Brooks of the *Express*; Treasurer, Joseph W. Patterson; Secretary, Thatcher M. Adams. Judge John R. Brady was appointed a director in place of the late Shepherd Knapp. Among those present were the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., Hon. E. L. Fancker, LL. D., the Rev. Dr. T. Gallaudet, the Hon. B. H. Field, J. W. Fay, and the Rev. Dr. C. A. Stoddard. After the election, the officers and directors proceeded to the large chapel, where they found the pupils waiting for them. Shortly afterwards

DR. ISAAC L. PEET, THE PRINCIPAL, was seen slowly elbowing his way through the throng of unseated strangers to the platform. He did not keep the audience waiting, but plunged in *medias res* precisely at 3 o'clock. He made an opening address, and gave a brief account of the history of the school. He said: "This institution was chartered on April 15th, 1817, and on the 20th of May, 1818, the school was opened with only five pupils. The first President of the Board of Directors was the Hon. DeWitt Clinton. During a period of fifty-seven years, the institution has imparted the blessings of an education to 2,453 deaf-mutes. The number has annually increased until to-day. Now there are 527 scholars of different ages, of whom 218 are girls, and 309 boys. The institution has been in its present location, since its removal from Fiftieth St. in 1856."

Dr. Peet's address was interpreted to the deaf-mutes by Dr. Gallaudet. When the Dr. concluded, an exhibition of scholastic proficiency by several classes was given, and of which

THE HIGH CLASS,

(Prof. J. H. Pettingell's,) was the most interesting. When the High Class had finished its exercises, Dr. Peet stepped forward and called the attention of the audience to the fact that the exhibitions had not been prepared for the pupils, and said he would ask the scholars any question suggested by the visitors. A young gentleman, who occupied one of the front seats, nervously handed the Doctor a piece of paper upon which was written: "Have any of your pupils heard of the New York Tribune?" The principal handed the note to the nearest boy, who read it, laughed and

TURNING TO THE BLACKBOARD, wrote:

"As I am, unfortunately, deaf, I can not say, with perfect truthfulness that I have heard of the Tribune. I have, however, seen it named in some of the New York journals as having been founded by Horace Greeley. I have also read that Horace Greeley is dead; that they have erected a monument to him near the top, they have put a 'Youthful Editor' to haul up and down the American flag, as the weather or circumstances may seem to direct. I may be mistaken about it, but so I have read several times."

Dr. Peet asked another boy to write something about the New York Times. His face admirably expressed the feelings of Lord Cardigan when he received the astounding order to make the fatal charge.

He wrote: "Although I differ with the Times in politics, I cannot help confessing that it is one of the best and most ably conducted journals in this country. When Mr. Raymond died and that journal went into new hands the people thought its stock would go down. But their thoughts were good for nothing, for instead of going down, it continued to live, and now, if you search this whole

country through you cannot find a better journal."

The doctor also gave another boy a question about the Express, and as he did not know much about the Express, he wrote as follows: "I know the Hon. Erastus Brooks, for he is one of the Vice Presidents of the institution, and he is the editor of the Express; but it is an evening paper, and does not, therefore, reach here often, so that I cannot say much about it, though I would like to speak well of it, as I presume I could if I had read it."

Dr. Peet then said that it was nearly time for the train, and that the closing exercises of the institution would take place on the 23rd of June. The exercises then closed for the day.

CIVIS.

How He Was Caught!

Peter Nokes was a curious specimen of the genus homo. Of this fact there was no person in the village of Sampleton that entertained a doubt. No one, not even the "oldest inhabitant," for it is known, the village was of recent and rapid growth—knew exactly who his parents were; the village had been populated by people who, from divers attractions, had moved there one by one, and all they knew was that he was there when they came. The oldest settler, when broached on, the subject, could only remember that Peter was visible when he took up his abode in the locality. But a couple of things every inhabitant knew well—that Peter was deaf and dumb, and uncommonly smart for a mute. The only noticeable feature about Peter was his hair, and that was red—red of the deepest dye. His beard might also have been red, had he ever suffered one to grow. Peter had no fixed occupation; in a word, he was a jack of all trades, and not exactly a master of any. However, he was a knowing chap, and in times of sore perplexity often proved of invaluable service to his neighbors.

Once an old, savage and cunning wolf appeared among the sheep of the farmers and instead of killing and eating what he wanted, like a sensible wolf, he would slaughter all that he could catch, make his meal of the choicest parts of half a dozen, and disappear in the depths of the neighboring woods. The farmers banded together and hunted and searched; went home, got re-inforcements and hunted and searched again, but they never found that wolf. But just let them relax their vigilance for so much as a night, and the morning sun would reveal dead sheep strewn about the pasture. Peter Nokes was no farmer and owned no sheep, but he had a heart and a stomach, he could feel the woes others, and he could relish a leg of mutton. So one fine morning, Peter went to the shop of the village blacksmith and by noon had forged a huge and novel iron trap. With this carefully baited, he disappeared in the woods.

The next morning he appeared among the farmers with the gory head of the wolf in his hand. After that no more sheep were found dead in the morning, and the farmers ceased their hunting expeditions.

Once a house took fire, and, as is usual in such cases, a sweet babe was sleeping in top story, and its nurse, was in the street below, frantic with terror, and rushing about screaming, wringing her hands and wildly tearing her hair.

Peter happened to come along, and comprehending the situation, rushed up the burning stair-case, through the smothering smoke and fiery flames, and brought down the child safe and unharmed. He was laid up a week afterwards, and when he got well, was the hero of the hour.

But Peter's good qualities were pretty well balanced by evil ones. He was fond of traveling and would often absent himself from Sampleton for weeks at a time. Nobody knew where he went and nobody seemed to care, though there were times when his assistance was much sought for, and then he was, indeed, missed.

Landlords, in towns along the route he usually frequented, knew him well, and periods there were, when not a few of these worthies indulged in sundry adjurations on his invisible head. Arriving at a hotel he was unfrequently found himself, as the phrase goes, "dead broke;" but ever ready for an emergency, he would stuff his valise with various articles such as old rags, stray newspapers, a brick or two to give the thing weight, and deposit the same as packed portions of a valuable wardrobe. If his host had any suspicions, he was too polite to show them, and when after a few days' sojourn Peter would vanish, the landlord would break open the valise and though often mortified at the contents he would still have the happy consolation of a letter, addressed, "Mine host," and carefully stowed away in a bottom corner. This letter would say that "circumstances being against a speedy settlement of the little bill, the writer takes this way of informing his host that the amount will be soon forthcoming, etc., etc." And sure enough, by an early mail the debt would be paid, for Peter was honest, and the valise, duly emptied of its motley contents, would be forwarded home by express.

Peter was well known in Sampleton to be somewhat of a borrower, and like most borrowers he was very tardy in returning the money lent him. Not that he wished to deceive, but because he found it more convenient to take his own time about repaying. Of course his creditors waxed wroth and would fain bring him into court and sue him for the amount. But Peter was too shrewd to be caught so easily; he was never known to give a note, nor would he ask a person for money in the presence of a witness, and so when a vexed creditor sought restitution through the law he was sorely puzzled to make out a case. But in justice to Peter we must say that appeals to his feelings and common sense rarely met with repulse. It was only when a thoughtless dun was thrust under his nose, that he put his foot down flatly disclaimed all knowledge of

turning to the blackboard, wrote:

"As I am, unfortunately, deaf, I can not say, with perfect truthfulness that I have heard of the Tribune. I have, however, seen it named in some of the New York journals as having been founded by Horace Greeley. I have also read that Horace Greeley is dead; that they have erected a monument to him near the top, they have put a 'Youthful Editor' to haul up and down the American flag, as the weather or circumstances may seem to direct. I may be mistaken about it, but so I have read several times."

Dr. Peet asked another boy to write something about the New York Times. His face admirably expressed the feelings of Lord Cardigan when he received the astounding order to make the fatal charge.

He wrote: "Although I differ with the Times in politics, I cannot help confessing that it is one of the best and most ably conducted journals in this country. When Mr. Raymond died and that journal went into new hands the people thought its stock would go down. But their thoughts were good for nothing, for instead of going down, it continued to live, and now, if you search this whole

country through you cannot find a better journal."

The doctor also gave another boy a question about the Express, and as he did not know much about the Express, he wrote as follows: "I know the Hon. Erastus Brooks, for he is one of the Vice Presidents of the institution, and he is the editor of the Express; but it is an evening paper, and does not, therefore, reach here often, so that I cannot say much about it, though I presume I could if I had read it."

Dr. Peet then said that it was nearly time for the train, and that the closing exercises of the institution would take place on the 23rd of June. The exercises then closed for the day.

CIVIS.

How He Was Caught!

Peter Nokes was a curious specimen of the genus homo. Of this fact there was no person in the village of Sampleton that entertained a doubt. No one, not even the "oldest inhabitant," for it is known, the village was of recent and rapid growth—knew exactly who his parents were; the village had been populated by people who, from divers attractions, had moved there one by one, and all they knew was that he was there when they came. The oldest settler, when broached on, the subject, could only remember that Peter was visible when he took up his abode in the locality. But a couple of things every inhabitant knew well—that Peter was deaf and dumb, and uncommonly smart for a mute. The only noticeable feature about Peter was his hair, and that was red—red of the deepest dye. His beard might also have been red, had he ever suffered one to grow. Peter had no fixed occupation; in a word, he was a jack of all trades, and not exactly a master of any. However, he was a knowing chap, and in times of sore perplexity often proved of invaluable service to his neighbors.

Once an old, savage and cunning wolf appeared among the sheep of the farmers and instead of killing and eating what he wanted, like a sensible wolf, he would slaughter all that he could catch, make his meal of the choicest parts of half a dozen, and disappear in the depths of the neighboring woods. The farmers banded together and hunted and searched; went home, got re-inforcements and hunted and searched again, but they never found that wolf. But just let them relax their vigilance for so much as a night, and the morning sun would reveal dead sheep strewn about the pasture. Peter Nokes was no farmer and owned no sheep, but he had a heart and a stomach, he could feel the woes others, and he could relish a leg of mutton. So one fine morning, Peter went to the shop of the village blacksmith and by noon had forged a huge and novel iron trap. With this carefully baited, he disappeared in the woods.

The next morning he appeared among the farmers with the gory head of the wolf in his hand. After that no more sheep were found dead in the morning, and the farmers ceased their hunting expeditions.

Once a house took fire, and, as is usual in such cases, a sweet babe was sleeping in top story, and its nurse, was in the street below, frantic with terror, and rushing about screaming, wringing her hands and wildly tearing her hair.

Peter happened to come along, and comprehending the situation, rushed up the burning stair-case, through the smothering smoke and fiery flames, and brought down the child safe and unharmed. He was laid up a week afterwards, and when he got well, was the hero of the hour.

But Peter's good qualities were pretty well balanced by evil ones. He was fond of traveling and would often absent himself from Sampleton for weeks at a time. Nobody knew where he went and nobody seemed to care, though there were times when his assistance was much sought for, and then he was, indeed, missed.

Landlords, in towns along the route he usually frequented, knew him well, and periods there were, when not a few of these worthies indulged in sundry adjurations on his invisible head. Arriving at a hotel he was unfrequently found himself, as the phrase goes, "dead broke;" but ever ready for an emergency, he would stuff his valise with various articles such as old rags, stray newspapers, a brick or two to give the thing weight, and deposit the same as packed portions of a valuable wardrobe. If his host had any suspicions, he was too polite to show them, and when after a few days' sojourn Peter would vanish, the landlord would break open the valise and though often mortified at the contents he would still have the happy consolation of a letter, addressed, "Mine host," and carefully stowed away in a bottom corner. This letter would say that "circumstances being against a speedy settlement of the little bill, the writer takes this way of informing his host that the amount will be soon forthcoming, etc., etc." And sure enough, by an early mail the debt would be paid, for Peter was honest, and the valise, duly emptied of its motley contents, would be forwarded home by express.

Peter was well known in Sampleton to be somewhat of a borrower, and like most borrowers he was very tardy in returning the money lent him. Not that he wished to deceive, but because he found it more convenient to take his own time about repaying. Of course his creditors waxed wroth and would fain bring him into court and sue him for the amount. But Peter was too shrewd to be caught so easily; he was never known to give a note, nor would he ask a person for money in the presence of a witness, and so when a vexed creditor sought restitution through the law he was sorely puzzled to make out a case. But in justice to Peter we must say that appeals to his feelings and common sense rarely met with repulse. It was only when a thoughtless dun was thrust under his nose, that he put his foot down flatly disclaimed all knowledge of

turning to the blackboard, wrote:

"As I am, unfortunately, deaf, I can not say, with perfect truthfulness that I have heard of the Tribune. I have, however, seen it named in some of the New York journals as having been founded by Horace Greeley. I have also read that Horace Greeley is dead; that they have erected a monument to him near the top, they have put a 'Youthful Editor' to haul up and down the American flag, as the weather or circumstances may seem to direct. I may be mistaken about it, but so I have read several times."

Dr. Peet asked another boy to write something about the New York Times. His face admirably expressed the feelings of Lord Cardigan when he received the astounding order to make the fatal charge.

He wrote: "Although I differ with the Times in politics, I cannot help confessing that it is one of the best and most ably conducted journals in this country. When Mr. Raymond died and that journal went into new hands the people thought its stock would go down. But their thoughts were good for nothing, for instead of going down, it continued to live, and now, if you search this whole</

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:
Flour, (retail) Sprg \$6 25, ret'd \$6 75, white \$7 50
Meal, 1/2 cwt, (retail) 1 80
Shorts, 1/2 ton, 26
Shipments, 1/2 ton, 28
Middlings, 1/2 ton, 32
Corn, 95 @ 100
Oats, 60 @ 50

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE:

Butter, 16 @ 23
Loose Butter, 15 @ 20
Cheese, 15 @ 16
Lard, 15
Eggs, 1/2 doz, 16
Beef 1/2 lb., 50 @ 18
Beef, 1/2 cwt., 50 @ 89
Mutton, 1/2 cwt., 80 @ 80
Pork, 1/2 barrel, retail, 22
Pork 1/2 cwt., 29
Apples, (dried), 1/2 lb., 60 @ 07
Ham, 1/2 lb., 13
Dressed Poultry, 1/2 lb., 10 @ 12
Potatoes, 1/2 bush., 45 @ 50

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order duly granted by the Probate Court of Oswego County, on the 13th day of April, 1875, the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of Nathan Green, deceased, late of the town of Oneida, N. Y., will at public auction, on the 29th day of May, 1875, at the dwelling house situated thereon, the premises described as follows: "All that parcel of land in the County of Oswego, State of New York, being the north one-quarter of lots numbers eight, nine, ten and twenty-three (23) of the Van Buren tract, in the first ward of the city of Oswego, being forty-nine and a half feet front on on Van Buren street, one hundred and thirty-two feet deep." There is a good frame tenement house on said premises.—Dated April 13th, 1875.

CHARLES H. SMITH,
JOHN MCKENZIE,
Executors, &c.

24-7

SUPREME COURT—COUNTY OF OSWEGO.—Benjamin M. Geming, ag't John Larkin and Frances Larkin.—Summons for money. To John Larkin and Frances Larkin, defendants. You are hereby summoned and directed to answer the complaint of Benjamin M. Geming, plaintiff, which was filed in the Oswego County Clerk's office, on the 31st day of March, 1875, at the city of Oswego, N. Y., and to serve a copy of your answer on the subscriber at Central Square, Oswego county, N. Y., within twenty days after the service of this summons exclusive of the day of service, and in default of the plaintiff will take judgment against you for sixty-eight dollars and seventy-five cents with interest from the 20th day of March, 1875, besides costs.

B. G. LEWIS,
Plff's Atty, Central Square,
Oswego Co., N. Y.

22-7

COUNTY COURT—COUNTY OF OSWEGO.—Harriet E. Sperry and Emma J. Whitney, Plaintiffs, against, George H. Rich, and Laura Rich, his wife, Maria G. Rich, and Sarah Rich, his daughter, Rich, and Emma L. Rich, his wife, Rhoda L. Cutler, and Morris N. Cutler, her husband, Louis L. Anderson, and John A. Anderson, her husband, Ella Burnham, and Elisha Burnham, her husband, Clarissa Hall, and Edmund Hall, her husband, Maude Chamberlain, Ada J. Beals, Edwin M. Sperry and Leonora A. Whitney, defendants. Summons.

To the above named defendants, you are summoned to answer the complaint of the plaintiffs, a copy of which is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer on the subscriber, at Oneida, Oneida County, N. Y., within twenty days after the service of this summons exclusive of the day of service, or the plaintiffs will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the summons.

L. W. FISKE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

To the defendants, you will also take notice that the summons in this action, of which the foregoing is a copy, was filed in the office of the Clerk of Oswego County, N. Y., March 27th, 1875.

L. W. Fiske, Attorney,
Boonville, N. Y.

Dated April 1, 1875. 23-7

SURROGATE'S COURT—OSWEGO COUNTY.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—By virtue of an order of sale made by Hon. T. W. Skinner, Surrogate, of Oswego Co., N. Y., March 29, 1875, the subscriber, the legal administrator of the goods, chattels and credits of Peter Farney, late of Constantia, N. Y., will sell at public auction, at the law office of Wm. H. Baker, Esq., at Constantia village, in sale of all Money, May 2d, 1875, at 1 o'clock p.m., the following described land, viz.

All that piece or parcel of land situate in the town of Constantia, Oswego county, N. Y., being a piece of land, serving as a boundary between the above division number nine, of lot number nineteen and twenty-three in great tract No. one, in the eleventh township of Sodus, as now divided in 1844, by Surveyor S. Sturtevant, containing one acre and three rods, and being a part (with part) of the premises conveyed to Mrs. Serapio Weed, by Dolphus S. Stowell and wife, by deed dated October 2d, 1868, which deed was recorded in Oswego County, May 2d, 1869, and November 2d, 1869, in Liber of deeds 122, page 230. The ten rods of land so conveyed is bounded by the east, south and west boundaries of sub-division No. 9, and on the north by a line passing through the center of the same, and distant therefore far enough to include ten acres.

The above premises are mostly improved land, upon which is a house and small barn.—Dated Constantia, March 30, 1875.

SILAS PENNOVER,
Administrator,
of estate of Peter Farney, deceased.

22-7

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For the relief and cure of all derangements in the stomach, liver, and bowels. They are a mild aperient, and an excellent purgative. Being purely vegetable, they contain no animal or mineral whatever. Much serious sickness and suffering is prevented by their use.

H. D. DOBSON, Dentist,
Office over H. C. Peck's
Store, Mexico, N. Y.

Full directions are given on the wrapper to each box, how to use them as a family medicine, and when to follow up complaints, which these pills rapidly cure.

For Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Lassitude, Weakness, languor and Loss of Appetite, they should be used to stimulate the appetite, and restore its healthy condition.

For Liver Complaint and its various symptoms: Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Sickness, Bilious Colic and Bilious Fever, should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action of the system. With such change those symptoms disappear.

For Dysentery or Diarrhoea, but one mid dose is generally required.

For Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitations, Heart, Head, Pain in the Side, Back and Limbs, these pills are judiciously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those symptoms disappear.

For Drapet and Drapetous Swellings, they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For Sepsis, a large dose should be taken, as a product of the desired effect by sympathy.

As a Drapet Pill take one or two pills to prevent digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no specific treatment exists. One dose feels tolerably well off, and the taste of these pills makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive system.

REPAVED BY

Dr. J. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Wall Paper

Having largely increased my stock, I am now prepared to offer to the public first-class goods at the very lowest prices.

REMEMBER
Papering Spring

That paper is much cheaper this spring than ever before. I am selling that formerly sold for fifteen cents for

I Shilling per Roll

My Stock comprises not only a large assortment of common paper, but

Satin, Tints, 20 and 40 inches wide,
Gilt, Embossed Hand, with border to match,
Decorations, &c.

Also, CURTAINS

FROM THE CHEAP PAPER TO THE FINEST GILT BAND.

Holland's Fixtures, &c.

LOOK

At my CARPET PAPER before putting down your carpets.

All paper bought of me trimmed FREE OF CHARGE.

L. L. VIRGIL

Mexico, April 7, 1874.

FLANNELS,

And wishes to say to the public that he will procure on the shortest notice, and at the lowest price, anything in his line of trade not found in

C. B. CHAPMAN & SON.

Mexico, April 24 1875.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Reason Why

DR. RIDGE'S FOOD

IS SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS: Because having been cooked, it goes further, is cheaper, for making, & takes but a few minutes; it gives health, strength and comfort to all, and approved of by the profession everywhere.

WINCHESTER'S SPECIFIC PILL.

A prompt, radical and permanent cure for Nervous Debility, Weakness, &c. Tested forever 30 years with perfect success. SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. Prices: \$1 per box; six boxes \$5, by mail, securely sealed, with full directions. Prepared only by WINCHESTER & CO., 36 John St., New York. P. O. box 2430.

Old Machines taken in Exchange.

Send for Circulars, Price

List, &c., and Copy of the

Wilson Reflector, one of the

best Periodicals of the day,

devoted to Sewing Ma-

chines, Fashions, General

News and Miscellany.

AGENTS Wanted.

Selling Immediately.

LIFE AND LABOR.

Unfolds vividly the wild scenes, thrilling ad-

ventures and grand achievements of the GREAT HERO'S entire life.

Address M. M. BURN-

HAM, Publisher, Syracuse, N. Y.

A full and fresh stock of each constantly on hand.

ORDERS FOR WEDDINGS & PARTIES.

Promptly filled and delivered. I invite your in-

spection, being satisfied I can suit, both as to

price and quality. I have in stock full lines of

CONFECTORY, AND BAKESTUFFS.

Manufactured from Pure Material, and

Warranted to Contain no Adulterations.

Colors Purely Vegetable

In our Candies.

MR. J. W. LARKIN

Still remains as Superintendent of the Bakery.

His reputation is a sufficient guarantee of the quality of my goods in that line.

CONFECTIONERY,

Manufactured from Pure Material, and

Warranted to Contain no Adulterations.

Colors Purely Vegetable

In our Candies.

A. S. GIBSON,

No. 1 Empire Block, Main Street,

MEXICO, N. Y.

N. B.—Hot Brown Bread delivered in time

for breakfast every Tuesday and Friday A. M.

Leave your orders at the bakery.

No. 1 Empire Block.

Editors and Publishers

Advertiser's Gazette.

A Journal of Information for Ad-

vertisers. Edition, 9,600 copies.

Published Weekly. Terms, \$2 per

annum, in advance.

FIVE SPECIMEN COPIES (DIFFERENT

DATES) TO ONE ADDRESS FOR 25 CTS.

Office No. 21 Park Row, New York.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.

Advertiser's Gazette.

Advertiser's Gazette